EXPECTATIONS.

The Best Laid Plans o' Mice and Men, etc.

[BY CURTIS YORKE.] "How very unfortunate!"

"How confoundedly annoying!" The above remarks were made by my wife room of our tiny old-fashioned cottage at Lowthorpe. Before us each lay an open letter; and | before dinner-time.' it was the contents of these letters-individually and collectively-which had called forth

the remarks set down above. her uncle, Gregory Carper, signifying his in-Finicker, saying he intended paying us a visit | intelligent than I thought you were." on the following Tuesday.

puted fabulous wealth, who had more than once | compunction took possession of me. enormities) had sworn in turn that if we, Ella | any more of it."

the other as the scum of the earth, (if we didn't | bad temper for the next few days. (Poor little soul! I used to shudder when I | door, and from it stepped-Uncle Gregory! thought of his debut with such a name at the public school, where his mother already talked

I offer no excuse for our unpardenable con- leave everything to me!"

meeting to take place.

stuck my egg-spoon vindictively through the same he became somewhat mollified: jectionable relative. 4- Charltel" said my wife, in pitcous tones,

"Ask me something easier, my dear," I replied

gloomily. "It is so awkward in every way," she went on, "Jane does not return from her holiday until Wednesday." (Jane was our housemaid.) "And cook's being so deaf makes her so stupid. | And your uncle is so fidgity and particular,"

she added. were coming on Tuesday. Mr. Carper pro- bell sounded vigorously. posed a three days' visit; Mr. Finiker intended | Old Carper rose-after imbibing a final glass | the pink room. starting early on Wednesday morning to at- of sherry. tend a cattle show some 30 miles from Low-

said, by the 5:15 from Waterloo. As usual, Mr. Carper does not mention the dryly. "There only remains, as a climax, that | have something he could enjoy. they should both elect to come by the 5:15."

with the calmness of despair, as I proceeded to | wife, flushed and breathless, joined me at the | refuse to take part any longer in your mean, unfold the newspaper. I had just 10 minutes | foot of the stairs. to read and digest it before catching my train

"Charile, how can you sit there coolly reading the paper!" exclaimed my wife, almost in | preparatory to slipping it into her pocket.

what may happen in that time. One of the I suppose he will be here directly." old fools may-er-ahem! We can talk it over when I come home to-night." I concluded Uncle Simon. I plunged into the news of the day.

with a beaming smile.

of a pinn, "A plan!" I echoed vaguely. all about those two hendish old men.

"Oh, the uncles!" I grouned, after a mo- knocked. ment's reflection. "Let us have dinner first, Neil, and indigestible relatives afterward." Eila, as all well-drilled little wives should ashamed of myself. do, obeyed her lord and master, and dinner proceeded as usual.

stretched myself upon the sofa, folded my arms ready to hear the "plan."

"You see, Charlie," she began, with round, | for, was not to be wondered at.) solemn eyes fixed upon mine, "I have thought | and thought all day, and this seems the only | tinued.

"Well?" I said expectantly, as she paused. "Well," she went on, "I am confident that he shall have the pink room."

"I have no objection," I observed, as she belp us." "Charlie, you are so stupid, dear. You know

I looked -as I felt-bewildered.

"Yes," I assented helplessly.

you understand?"

said, with abject humility. "But go on. Un- door violently, stamped about the room, and far. Of all the-" try to follow. The uncle who appears first I pacified him as well as I could, or, rather, I opening along the passage, and the next moimportant details. And apres ?"

more natural than that it should go wrong on carry it out. Why had I listened to her? Tuesday?" And she looked at me triumph- As we devoured our soup we could hear foot- My nerves are quite unstrung." antly.

wrong, as you call it, on Tuesday. Things It was the lull before the storm. vulgarly.

then, you see, I'll make it go wrong." you mean?"

Ella regarded me witheringly; then said: "Really, Charlie, you seem as if you were Uncle Simon goes up to get ready for dinner I | -of course!" shall simply lock the door. Then we can pretend that the lock has stuck fast again, and of something else. (So I was-I was thinking per?" quavered my uncle, almost in tears. that we can't get the door open. When Uncle of Uncle Gregory.) Gregory is gone to bed-you know he always goes quite early-we can let poor old Ungle Simon out, and give him a splendid supper to Uncle Simon, in a tone expressive of alarm and -at once." Then turning to me: "I tell you, make up for the loss of his dinner. He is very good-natured, you know. And then," she con-

Uncle Gregory is up. So there you are !" I gave vent to a loud, prolonged whistle. You are a most Machiavelian young woman, Nell!" I said gravely. "What a diplomatist you would have made!"

"Yes," modestly; "I think it is rether a pice little plan. It came into my head this afternoon while I was putting haby to sleep."

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In a little plan. It came into my head this afternoon while I was putting haby to sleep." "There are two rather serious objections, find it good." however," I observed, after pulling at my pipe

for some seconds in silence. "Well?" rather sharply.

kind of thing, doesn't it? Even for us!" with a grim smile. used to the idea. I thought so myself at first, renewed fury. but it soon wore off."

"Ah!" I murmured, lost in admiration of this remarkable and easy code of morals. my wife. "What was the other?" "How are you so sure that my uncle will arrive first?" I inquired. "If it should chance | roused now. to be yours, I wouldn't give much for the success of your plan. Mr. Carper is a very respectable old gentleman-but I think you could

hardly call him sweet-tempered. He--" morning as we sat at breakfast in the dining- in the afternoon, and Uncle Gregory never | sir ?" comes until the last train he can possibly get

opportunity for the lock to stick fast, I imag- enough to waken the dead.) ine. I don't think my uncle locks his bed-"Oh, it doesn't want to be locked, you silly less." tention of paying us a visit on the following boy! If I left the key inside how could I fasten

Nothing particularly alarming in that, you I was thinking what a fearful row there would deafening." (It certainly was.) "I will go up neither seen nor held any communication with Wait a little. Old Gregory Carper was a appointed time and found us entertaining the atties. They have been left open, probably, our chances of heirship are gone forever. most eccentric and irascible individual of re- enemy at dinner. Then a sudden feeling of The house is said to be haunted; but that is all

make his only niece (my wife) his hoiress. Old | sofa, and taking up a position on the hearth- over his shoulder nervously. "Haunted! That Finicker, my mother's brother, was also rich | rug; "I won't consent to any such plan. It's | is very unpleasant! I-I never knew that." in this world's goods, and it was generally un- certain to miss fire somehow, and then we'll be "No?" I returned in careless tones. "We derstood that I, Charles Danvers, was to be his in a nice scrape. Let the two old fellows come, certainly hear some most unaccountable noises. pers of the country. The best way to help all heir. And between these two old men there and have done with it. If they disinherit us But one gets accustomed to them in time. Do was a deadly fend. The quarrel had taken | both, and ignore our son's future, it can't be | have some more claret."

and Charles Danvers, exchanged words, letters, | But Ella, after a dismayed pause, wept and | must keep it up now at all events; and by or visits with the said enemy in future we entreated so, and, in short, cajoled me in the and by that maniac up-stairs would surely, in should be estracised by the remaining uncle way women do cajole us when they like, to the course of nature, tire himself out. I sim-Now, for more reasons than one, Ella and I sented. Whereupon hypocritical letters were Things must take their course, I resolved deslooked upon this as a serious contingency; and | written to both uncles, expressive of our pleas- | perately. I regret to say we had recourse to duplicity. | ure at their projected visit, etc., and I permitted | We gave each uncle to understand that we held | myself the luxury of being in an exceedingly | I observed, in courteous tones (making myself

exactly say so, we implied it;) and, so far, we | The fateful Tuesday arrived in due course, overhead.) "I quite agree with you that somehad kept on tolerably friendly terms with both. and by Ella's special request I came home by a thing will have to be done." ("By Jove!" I Gregory Simon in the presence of both uncles, | evil star was evidently in the ascendant; for | ceiling on to the dining-table!") just a week before the fatal quarrel took place. at 5:30 a fly from the station drove up to the Uncle Simon helped himself to claret and

> I looked at Ella witheringly. "Never mind, dear," she said, in hurried said, in a helpless, irritated kind of way. tones, "It can't be helped. I'll manage. Just

However, there was no help for it. To write flyman; contradicted me flatly and rudely and put either off would offend the put-off one when I mentioned the usual fare, and snubbed "Ah, yes, yes! It is atrocious! The man is ed him to take some refreshment-sherry, I all night?"

were inflicting corporeal injury on either ob- was from my uncle, saying we might expect spilled his wine all over the table-cloth. him by the 5:50.

"Wouldn't you like to get ready for dinner | seeing that the poor old fellow was as white as "Plenty of time, plenty of time," said the abruptly ceased. old gentleman, helping himself to another glass of sherry. "You don't dine till 6, do you?"

lently. No, there was no mistake, both uncles | the room, and in another moment the dinner- | went to bed.

I saw that Ella was quite pale.

"I hope you have something decent for dinthorpe. He would come down, he (my uncle) | ner," he growled. "I'm as hungry as a bunter. Hadn't time for more than a bite at lunch."

"Oh. Charlie! Surely not!" where Ella was waiting to usher him into the devil for all I care," I continued, pacing up think it is more than likely," I returned, fateful pink room. In another moment my and down the room in a towering passion. "I

"Have you done it?" I asked gloomily, feeling as I imagine Macbeth must have done. "Yes," she answered, showing me the key,

'And, Charile, I took down the bell-rope to- goaded past endurance. "My dear," I remonstrated, "there are five day; so all is safe. But, oh dear! how very Just then the door-bell rang loudly. It was | up stairs.

hustily. Then, with what I have been told is It chanced that Mr. Finicker was not in the the invate sulfishness of the musculine mind, most amiable frame of mind either. He had | teeth, as we reached the door. All was silent. lost his umbrella, it appeared; and was even When I came home at night, Ella met me | more aggravatingly nervous and fidgety than |

"Charlie!" she began gleefully, as I divested | Just as dinner was served a loud banging | hole, "we have found an old key that we think I have mentioned that the pink room was situ- come.

Carper?" I inquired, feeling, I confess, rather | into the lock.

When I had lit my post-prandial pipe I | ing down; but I can't get the door open!"

He shock the handle, but-I need hardly

say-without effect. I shook it also, "Perhaps you have locked it," I suggested. Uncle Simon will arrive first on Tuesday, and allowing a faint amount of anxiety to appear in my tone.

"Locked it? Rubbish!" was the irate reply, | will wake Uncle Simon." paused again, "but I fail to see how that can "What should I lock it for? I'm not a woman. Besides, there's no key."

It is most unfortunate! He shall be sent for | in desperation, had probably taken a "long | again at once; but of course it will take some | drop" from the window. "I hope you are "Weil, Charlie," in impatient tones, "don't little time, as we are so far from the village." pleased with the result of your plan, Mrs. Dan-

upon the scene-Uncle Simon, I think you said | tried to pacify him, but he continued to storm | ment Uncle Simon, in an exceedingly airy -is to have the pink room, and there is some- and swear without apparently listening to my costume and carrying a candle in a dangerthing the matter with the lock of the pink- lies-they were nothing less-and at last I ously-horizontal position, appeared before our room door. I think I have mastered these two went down stairs again, and took my place at astonished gaze. (I had always suspected that the head of the table in a furious passion. Our | my uncle wore a wig. Now I had ocular dem-"Don't you see?" my wife went on with previous deceptions had never gone as far as onstration. His head was as hald as an egg.) growing excitement. "The lock has often this, and I felt myself a sneak from the tips of "Bless my soul!" he gasped, with chattering stuck fast before. It did the last time Uncle | my fingers to the toes of my boots. This was | teeth, letting the candle run down on our new Simon was here. We could not get it open for a most preposterous and outrageous plan of Kidderminster, "this is a most ghastly house! ever so long. Don't you remember? So what Ella's, I reflected savagely. We could never I refuse to go to bed again, Charlie," he con-

steps tramping about excitedly and irregularly Here there was a terrific and continuous peal "But, my child," I murmured, "it won't go overhead. Then there was a sudden silence, at the front-door bell. It rang, and rang, and never do go wrong when they ought to. It's Scarcely had the fish been removed than a having gone to bed—and Ella followed me. only when they didn't ought to," I concluded series of loud bangs resounded on the panels up- Hardly had I drawn back the bolt than Mr.

stairs. Uncle Simon started nervously. Ella Carper burst in, disheveled, panting, purple "Of course, you silly boy, I know that. But became crimson and murmured something with rage, his clothes stained with earth, his about "rousing baby." I took no notice, but hands cut and bleeding. He tore past us up "Make it go wrong?" I repeated, "What do went on grimly carving the fowl before me, stairs like a madman, and on the landing he said shortly.

being stupid on purpose. Why, of course, when | thinking of? I'll take a wing-the liver wing | atter amazement the two old men grasped I hastily apologized and said I was thinking

Bang! bang! bang! from above.

amazement. "What is what?" I asked coldly, without part you have played to-day only once, and cluded, "he will be away in the morning before | raising my eyes from my plate. "That most extraordinary noise, Charles!"

> possible you do not hear it." wind had risen by this time, and was blow- trembling Ella. "Mr. Finicker and I were

There was a short silence after this, broken | swear under your breath, sir, but you are an by the wails of the baby, who had roused up at | infernal young liar, Charles Danvers, and your last. Ella fled up stairs, and I engaged my | wife is not a whit better. I renounce you both "Well-it seems an uncommonly sneaky uncle in polite and easy conversation. forever,"

Suddenly, just as Mr. Finicker was launched on a lengthy tirade upon the agrarian out- leave this house to-night, late as it is. We can "Oh, no," promptly. "Not when you get rages in Ireland, the banging began again with get rooms, without doubt, at the Lowthorpe

"You said two objections, Charlie," resumed overhead. There was no saying what he might | per. Ella went on crying. I simply swore, do; for Mr. Carper, when aroused, was nothing less than a madman, and he was evidently

"Good heavens! boy, what is that noise?" exclaimed my uncle, starting from his chair. smile. "You are nervous to-night, I fear." "Now, don't make objections, dear," inter-rupted Ella decisively. "I know your uncle that?" he continued fiercely. "Have you a respect went with them. and myself respectively one bright September | will come first, because he always comes early | lunatic or a wild beast concealed in your house,

I listened hypocritically for a few moments. "Besides," I said weakly, "there will be no doubtful tones. (By this time the noise was but that is a mere detail.

nonsense, of course," distinctly stated that it was his intention to | "No, by Jove!" I exclaimed, rising from the | "Haunted!" repeated my uncle, glancing

place six menths ago; and each uncle (after | helped. I'm heartily sick of all this pretense | Though I spoke thus calmly, I was inwardly giving us an exhaustive catalog of the enemy's and underhand nonsense, and I won't have consumed with rage and mortification and shame. However, there was no help for it. I such purpose that I at last gave in and con- ply could not go and tell him any more lies.

"You were speaking of the Irish question,' heard as well as I could amid the appalling row We called our baby-we had a baby-Gregory | much earlier train than usual. The afternoon | ejaculated mentally, "something will have to and Simon by turns. He had been christened | had passed without bringing Uncle Simon. Our | be done, or my wife's uncle will be through the

glanced upward.

"It-it seems to be in the room above," he "Oh, it is sometimes in one part of the house, sometimes in another," I answered carelessly, duct. I acknowledge that I played the part of | I muttered a few maledictory remarks under | "The curious thing is that I have known weeks a mean, abject sneak. But I trust the reader my breath, and went to the door with wretch- to pass without our hearing any peculiar noises will see that under existing circumstances the ed smiles to greet our relative. I saw at once, at all. You were not disturbed during your projected simultaneous visits of these two by certain infallible signs, that he was in one last visit, if I remember rightly. But, pardon uncles was, to say the least of it, awkward. of his most aggressive moods. He swore at the | me, you were speaking of Mr. Gladstone's

almost as mortally as to allow the dreaded poor Ella so viciously on the subject of a new | becoming unbearable!" resumed my uncle velvet dress she wore that I saw the tears testily (alluding, of course, to Mr. Gladstone, "There will be a fine scene!" I observed spring to her eyes with mortification, and I my- and not to the concealed enemy up-stairs) "It self crimsoned with rage. However, we press- is-but bless my soul, boy, will that noise go on

Ella stirred her coffee abstractedly; and I | think it was-and after two large glasses of the | Here a terrific crash, followed by a piercing | yell, so startled poor Uncle Simon that he shell of my third egg, with a vague wish that I At this point a telegram was handed in. It sprang to his feet, overturned his chair, and "We will go into the other room," I said.

when some few minutes had elapsed, "what | now, Uncle?" Ella said after some time, with | a sheet. "We shall not be so disturbed there," a nervous glance at the timepiece (I had shown | We accordingly went into the drawing-room, her the telegram). It was a quarter to six, and | where we found Ella playing merry jigs and Uncle Simon's train was due in five minutes. reels upon the piano. The noise up-stairs had After a game or two at cribbage, in which I cut

but a sorry figure, I suggested, backed up by Ella, that my uncle looked very tired; and "Pray, don't hurry," I observed calmly. As alluded to his projected early start in the morn-spoke the whistle of Uncle Simon's train was ing. He agreed that he was tired; and after a I did not reply, but re-read both letters si- heard in the distance. Ella disappeared from | couple of stiff glasses of brandy and water he An ominous silence meanwhile prevailed in

When we were alone I turned to Ella and said in a voice of suppressed fury: "Well, Madam, may I ask what you propose doing now? I swear this is the last time I I smiled a painful smile, and murmured shall have anything to do with such confounded train he intends coming down by," I observed something to the effect that I hoped he would tourfoolery. I never felt so contemptible in my life. Your uncle and mine may leave their The old fellow plodded heavily up stairs, money to the Irish Land League or to the

> deceitful practices. This was distinctly unjust, of course, as well as rude; and Ella fired up at once, saying that it was as much my fault as hers, etc. "Hold your tongue, Madam!" I thundered,

Here there was an extraordinary, inexplicadays to come before Tuesday. We don't know unfortunate that Uncle Simon didn't come first. | ble, muffled kind of noise from the direction of the pink room. I seized a candle and we rushed "I hope and trust he may not have had a

"Where is the key?" I said shortly. But Ella hesitated. "Uncle," she said timidly, through the key-

myself of my hat and overcost, "I have thought | was heard from the room above. (I don't think | will open the door. The locksmith did not ated just above the dining-room.) I hastened | I listened, appalled, to this glib perversion of Render-I give you my word I had forgotten up stairs and hypocritically turned the handle the truth, and wondered if it had ever been

of the pink-room door, having previously practiced upon me. Still, all was tilent. "The room is quite dark, Charlie," said my "Are you not coming down to dinner, Mr. wife nervously, as she proceeded to fit the key and comes off only in the roasting, leaving the

In another moment the door was open, and a "Coming down!" thundered my wife's uncle | gust of wind almost extinguished my candle. indignantly from within. "Of course I'm com- I held it aloft with a whistle of dismay; for what a scene met our eyes! The room was "No?" I returned, with a careful accent of strewn with maimed and disfigured furniture; behind my head, and intimated that I was surprise. "I trust this confounded lock has the mirror was cracked right across; the crocknot caught again. We intended having it re- ery was smashed, and the lower half of the My wife came and seated herself upon a low paired, but the locksmith has unfortunately window appeared to have entirely vanished, not arrived," (Which, as he had not been sent | And oh, horror! the pale pink window curtains, the bed curtains, the covers of the chairs, were "Shake the handle from the inside," I con- stained here and there with deep crimson. But where was Uncle Gregory?

He had disappeared. The room was empty! Eila, after a horrified glance around, uttered a series of piercing screams. "Hush!" I exclaimed, seizing her arm vi-

ciously. "Have you lost your senses? You But she sobbed and cried, and declared hysterically that Uncle Gregory was dead, and "I am exceedingly annoyed," I went on, in | that it was all my fault. I indignantly pointed we can do nothing until the locksmith comes. stated my conviction that the old gentleman,

Whereupon followed fearful and ungovern- vers," I went on, with cutting sarcasm. "It

tinued, excitedly. "I shall sit up all night.

rang. I went down to open it-our domestic "Will you take a leg or a wing, uncle?" I cannoned violently against Uncle Simon, who was clinging to the stair railings shivering and "A leg, boy!" indignantly. "What are you shaking in his very sketchy attire. To our

"Finicker!" returned the other in a choking voice, "I'm glad to see you-very glad to "Good gracious! what is that?" exclaimed | see you. Let us leave this infernal place now Charles Danvers, you will regret the despicable that, sir, will be all your life. You are a low, contemptible hound, sir. But I see now through went on my uncle, in much agitation, "Is it | your plot to secure both my money and my friend Mr. Finicker's. Yes, my friend, I say. "I hear the wind rising," I replied calmly. You might have saved yourself your lies, sir; "I fear we shall have a storm." (Happily, and you, too, Madam," fiercely, to the pale and ago. Ah, you may cry, Madam, and you may

"And so do I." chattered Uncle Simon. "We

Inn." What on earth could the old fellow be doing, I | So saying he retired-with as much dignity wondered wretchedly, as the unmistakable crash as his costume would permit-to his room, ac- His Visit to Virginia, and What He of broken glass or crockery (or both) sounded | companied by the dilapidated-looking Mr. Car-

'not loud, but deep.' Within 10 minutes the two old gentlemen reappeared, equipped for departure. Protestations, explanations, apologies were all in vain. Our outraged relatives left the house without "What noise, uncle?" I said, with a ghastly | deigning to take any further notice of either | Ella or myself, and as they disappeared into "Nervous! Listen to that, and that, and the darkness I felt as if every atom of my self-I draw a vail over the harrowing scene which

My wife and I did not speak to each other for "I certainly do hear sounds," I said then, in at least a week after this deplorable evening-

The failure of Ella's "plan," however, marked "Sounds! Why you must be deaf or an idiot, an epoch in my life. It was my last deception. To be more explicit, Ella's letter was from room door. Men don't generally. I never do. sir. It's pandemonium, I tell you-nothing Since then I have been doggedly, uncompromisingly truthful and straightforward in all my | 6 verc "My dear uncle," I replied gently, "compose | words and actions; and I have observed a Tuesday. My letter was from my uncle, Simon | it outside? Really, Charlie, you are much less | yourself. Those-er-sounds are, I regret to | similar metamorphosis in Ella. If ever, in the say, of frequent occurrence. When the wind future, I find out Gregory Simon in a lie, I I bore this accusation meekly and in silence. is high, as it is to-night, the noise is positively shall flog him most unmercifully. We have be if the imprisoned uncle got out before the after dinner and fasten the skylights in the either uncle since that unlucky night. I fear Sic transit gloria mundi!

> THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is the only champion the soldiers have among the great paveterans is by getting it more subscribers.

COCOA AND COFFEE. Their Production in Guatemala.

[Correspondence New York Times,] The part of Guatemala we are now in is called the "Costa Cuca," and from San Sebastian to San Felipe, 10 miles away and near the mountains, the rord passes through a succession of coffee plantations. To one not familiar with it it would appear to be a bright, fresh-leaved tree of a rather rich and glossy green, but with its limbs covered with a parasitical green growth resembling small acorns, which illusion is dispelled when the regular rows of trees are seen and the careful cultivation of the ground noted. While great care must be taken of the coffee tree, it is not a cir-

plant has so many natural enemies that many | electing him to any of the important State or | own people. On the other, and farthest from fingueros are deterred from attempting its cul- local offices. vation. The tree is planted from the seeds, tall, deer, attracted by the richness of the leaf, | tions for Congress and a President. risk their lives for a feed of it; when these come to eat it in large numbers, and any decent-

necessary, it is not strange that many prefer

coffee planting. And it occurs to me, how few who sit sipping | coal, the ores, and, in all respects, as good a Maillard's and Meunier's chocolate ever give a | soil and far better climate than that of the | thought or ever know of the immense labor of | Great West. Good farms in fair condition | its production! On the other hand it has its | may to-day be bought in these mild, delightful | erate Camp of Veterans. Just put yourselves advantages, for while a coffee tree is fairly on | Virginia valleys at considerably less than is the down grade to worthlessness after bearing | paid for unimproved ground eight years, the cocoa tree is said to bear abundantly for 75 years, and even more. Some cacaotals near the front er of San Salvador are so old that the oldest indians in the vicinity testify that they were flourishing plantations when they were children, and the tree bears as well to-day as ever. he coffee estates near San Felipe were nearly all planted at the same time, every available serve was utilized; consequently they all failed at the same time, and San Felipe, from being a thriving, busy town, became but a place to live in, and I failed to see its attractions even in that respect. When the coffee trees failed many finqueros planted sugar cane. This requires, from planting to maturity, only nine months, but is not so profitable as coffee. The cocoa fruit as it appears on the tree is a pear-shaped green mass about nine inches long, and in circumference not so large as an average pineapple. The infit of apoplexy," I muttered between my set about 20, each containing one cocoa berry. Children and women are employed to prepare it for market, and it is not a sight which would induce one to be anxious to drink the cocoa he has seen cleaned. Each berry is surrounded in its cell by a sweet, pasty brown and greasy substance, which the Indians like; so each berry goes to an Indian's mouth, where the sweet coating is sucked off and chewed; but this in reality does not affect the berry, because under the brown paste there is a parchment-like inside meat pure.

The Jews of the World. [London Daily News,] Mr. F. D. Mocatta in his recent interesting lecture on Judaism estimated the total number of Jews throughout the world as between 8,000,-000 and 10,000,000. In the United Kingdom there are about 100,000, of whom seven-tenths | vertised in the photographs to cigaret buyers | are in London, the great part of the remainder | we can jump it. being in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds and Birmingham. Scotland reckons only 1,500, Ire- improvements, it is, however, a truth that the land only 1,000. In the British colonies there | best part of Richmond is to be found in her are something less than 20,000. In France | beautiful cemeteries. there are 70,000, of whom 40,000 are in Paris. About 40,000 were transferred upon the annex- | South" aptly expressed the situation in referation of the provinces to the German Empire, ence to improvements in the old city when he among whose 50,000,000 of inhabitants 600,000 | said: "I wouldn't like to have it printed on me, belong to this remarkable race. Jewsare found but the fact is, what we need here more than in large numbers along the northern coasts of anything else, is about a hundred first-class Africa, as well as in Abyssinia. In America | funerals. The rich old men who cannot do | there is something the matter with the lock of a voice full of vexed solicitude; "but I fear out the glaring injustice of this remark, and Mexico and in almost every State of South ject to any change, and what surplus they have America. There are supposed to be from 40,000 | to spare is invariably sent West for investto 50,000 in Persia, 10,000 to 15,000 in the | ment." Khanates, and a like number in India. Swit- | There is nothing of historic interest in Richzerland, Belgium and Holland have also con- mond proper that cannot be seen within the "I confess to being still at sea, my dear," I able language from Mr. Carper. He shook the has certainly been a most brilliant success—so Jews into Palestine from other parts of the isn't anything in Richmond of so much general Turkish dominions and also from Poland, Rus- interest to a soldier as may be found at Fredsia and Central Euro; , which has been going ericksburg, on from the early part of the present century, is a noteworthy fact. The Turkish Govern- ment than Seven Pines and Fair Oaks. I paid ment is described as showing an entire tolera- | \$5 for a ride out there and was very much distion, but it is not now favorable to an immigration into Palestine, a circumstance attrib- the trip with a hope of recognizing anything. uted to fear of the inroad of European ideas. The grounds are about as uninteresting as any The state of the Jews in the Holy Land is, ac- ordinary young forest. Quite a heavy growth cording to this authority, not a happy one. of young trees have covered and almost entirely There is but little out et for their energies. A obliterated all marks of the battlefield. A little large number give themselves entirely up to National Cemetery incloses the "Seven Pine" Hebrew studies, while the bulk of them eke | trees, but with the exception of the Superinout a miserable livelihood by small industries, | tendent's lodge and the soldiers' graves and the | apparently aided but in reality intensified in | lonely-looking flag over them, comprise all pauperism by the pernicious system of "Halu- that is to be seen at this point. kah," or distribution of alms sent from various countries, which are doled out among the Jew- an hour at the Union National Cemetery loish population in small sums.

The Crown Prince's Deformity. [Dr. B. Scharlau in the Medical Record.] hands warmly and all but embraced each other. communications with the late Prof. Edward "Where on earth did you come from, Car-Martin, with whom I was associated for nearly ; four years. One day I took occasion to ask him in regard to the rumor that Prince William's left arm was broken during delivery. He positively denied it and told me that the baby was born with a congenital atrophy of the left arm. It was a current rum r in Berlin that Martin had broken the baby's left arm and either overlooked it or not mentioned it, trusting that it would heal spontaneously, and that for this reason he was dropped. In regard to the "hereditary deafness," it is a well-known fact that the present Crown Prince contracted otitic media, following measles, two years ago.

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Saw There.



thereabouts.

to be economical a ride | feets of a fall.

Trains leave for Bowling Green and Ashland, landing you at disturb their services. Fredericksburg for a late supper in the hosa genuine pair of Yankees from Connecticut,

an entire week in Richmond. Perhaps there simple mound, in an uninclosed lot, which are but few of the old soldiers for whom the marks the spot where Ex-President Tyler rests. city of Richmond itself, aside from its being the old rebel Capital, possess so much fascination as it does to me who, as the "Boy," wan- The turf is kept green, and the mound of earth dered through these familiar old streets so many days and nights during the Fall and gathered there.

Perhaps The NATIONAL TRIBUNE will permit an expression of opinion from the "Boy Spy" to his friends on the political outlook in Virginia this Fall. Briefly stated, the report I should make on my recent observations, after careful consultation with a number of the different leaders and the people, would be that

VIRGINIA IS TO BE THE BATTLEFIELD in politics in 1888, as it was in war in 1861-75. cumstance to that required by the cacao plant, the State is very doubtful. Primarily the is- | "go on forever," singing a sadly quiet lullaby which much resembles it. Cacao, or in English | sue is to be Protection vs. Free Trade. Virginia | to the sleeping and to the watcher who is only cocoa, the source of chocolate, is more abun- is undoubtedly a protection State. While there | waiting. Near one of these little streams is a dantly grown in Ecuador than in any other por- are some dissensions on account of Mahone's tall shaft to the memory of J. E. B. Stuart. I tion of this hemisphere, and the Guayaquil | methods, in the Republican ranks, there is, per- | am proud to say that as an old cavalryman of cocoa of commerce commands a price in Gua- haps, more serious trouble in the Democratic | the Union army it was my privilege to stand temala City of \$18 per "carga," or 60 pounds, | lines on the question of protection. Outside of | uncovered by the grave of the gallant Confedso it may be seen that it is a valuable the free-trade issue, the only important ques- erate cavalry leader. crop. The cocoa of Guatemala is a much finer | tion is that of the superiority of the white race. | Commodore Maury is near by ; so is Chiefyariety and sells at \$35 per carga, right here | It must be admitted that the elections and | Justice Marshall. Indeed, one wanders through in the country, but the amount raised is not sufficient for home consumption, and but little is no disposition to deprive the colored man of stones name after name that seem as familiar of it finds its way into the outside world. The | his vote, but there is decided antipathy to | to the ear as if one were at home among his

The race question will not affect the general | who were killed, or died in the hospitals he which are no sooner put in the ground than a election for President. It is generally con- about. Little wooden posts, on which are large ant searches for them and ruins many | ceded on both sides that the colored vote is al- | tacked tin tags bearing in some cases the names | when the tree appears and is about three feet | ways solid for the Republicans in general elec- | and in a majority only a number, is all that

dangers are past and the fruit appears, squirrels | many of the best ex-Confederates are now | hearts as are those to our hearts on the other prominent in Republican politics. We all side of the city. sized cacaotal must have two huntsmen to kill | know of Gen. Mahone, but it is not generally | While in Hollywood I witnessed one sight squirrels. Thus it may be seen that chocolate | understood that his principal following is made | that I should like some of our Northern G.A.R. is a universal favorite. During this time the | up largely of ex-Confederate Republicans, while | boys to have seen. A funeral of a prominent ground must be as well weeded and cleaned as | that of his Republican antagonist, Hon. John S. | man, who was a member of several organizaa Chinaman's kitchen garden. And in addition | Wise, comprises what is known as the old | tions, was preceded by a band, playing an apto this each cocoa tree requires a madre or Whig or civilian Republicans, who were not propriate air. I always follow music, just as I mother, which is a shade tree planted for its | active Confederates, and object now to being | did when a boy, and getting close to this, the own particular use. With such great care "bossed" by rebels.

new industries of Virginia. They have the

IN THE BLIZZARD COUNTRY. Northern immigration of the farming class, and especially from the Northwest, is particularly desired in the South. The better class of white laborers are also welcomed in certain sections. There is no hesitation on the part of the people here in expressing their opposition to promiscuous immigration. They want only the better class, who will work. The old fellow whom I met on a swamp farm on the Peninsula, where the principal crop is bullfrogs, (of which they tell me they can raise 40 bushels

to the acre in good seasons,) told me this story, while he chewed tobacco and spit savagely: "We don't want no white niggers hyar, I'm 00 year old, drunk whisky, chawed terbacker and voted the Dimicratic ticket all my life, and tell you white labor ain't reliable. I fit into the war until Mister Grant told us to take our hosses and go home and plow. Wall, my hoss buried with his dead comrades, though the war a mule, and I turned my gun into a plowshare, and along one warm May day about like this, I started in to plow myself; all my niggers had gone off. Well, gentlemen, I plowed and sweated and swore more on that day before dinner-time than I did all durin' of the wah. I sat down on my plow-beam, and like that Britisher, Wellington, who wished for night or Blucher, I wished for night or a nigger. No, sir, white labor ain't reliable."

The principal erop in Virginia has always been tobacco. This product has been the cause of more legislation, litigation, interal revenue, and trouble generally, than all the Spy," but to all old soldiers, is to be seen at other pursuits combined. The principal industry of Richmond is in the packing, shipping and manufacture of tobacco in its various forms. The most recent is that of the cigaret

establishments, where THOUSANDS OF GIRL OPERATIVES are employed, but as this has been so well ad-

While not exactly in the line of industries or

A prominent young politician of the "New

There was no important battles nearer Richappointed, and would not advise anyone to make

On the drive out to Seven Pines we stopped cated on that road. Though somewhat isolated and alone and located on the opposite side of the city from that of the Confederate at Hollywood, it is beautiful by contrast, because of the Under the heading "Why the Crown Prince | great care that is taken of it by the agreeable of Germany has One Arm Shorter than the Superintendent, who, by the way, I discovered Other," the Medical Record in its last issue pub- to be an old Regular cavalryman, who left one lishes a story from a correspondent which is of his arms on the very ground where Hooker absolutely the contrary of the truth from first | declared he never saw a dead cavalryman. The to last, if I am allowed to judge from personal | Superintendent says the Confederates always march away out there on Decoration Day and THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE

STREW THE GRAVES OF UNION SOLDIERS with flowers. I don't know how you feel about it, boys, but I find there is something genuine ably ask, or he expected to reply to. about the sincerity and good feeling of the Virginia Confederates toward the Union soldiers, both dead and alive.

Holywood Cemetery in Richmond may be briefly described as the most sacred soil of all Virginia. No one should go to Richmond and leave without visiting Hollywood. It can be reached by street-car lines at a cost of 10 cents, and if time is an object, cut everything else except Libby, but see Hollywood before you die. During my stay here I have spent a part of

beautiful Autumn weather of October and

James. A great many of the boys have seen this hillside from their prison barracks on Belle Isle, which is just opposite. One would think from the immense rocks, and there being so many of them projecting above the water, that it would be an easy matter to find steppingstones from Belle Isle over to the Holly wood bank; but a wild, tearing, wicked depth of water rushes around the boulders, frothing with anger at the huge impediments, and would deter the bravest heart from the attempt,

Very few visitors to Hellywood have ever WOULD say that a discovered a little 15-by-20-foot lot right on the visiting party could do | edge of this bluff, which is inclosed by a plain Richmond nicely in | cast-iron fence, on the gate of which is a single one day at an expense | plate bearing these words, "Jefferson Davis," of \$2 each at the hotel, There is but one grave inside of the inclosure, and perhaps 25 cents | a lonely little grave in the center of the lot, additional would give | which marks the spot in which is baried the those who were forced little son of Mr. Davis, who died from the ef-

of 25 miles in the dif- It was during the last year of the war, when ferent street-car lines | their little children were playing on a front throughout the city, porch of the Executive Mansion, this little pet and leading to the boy fell to the ground, dislocating his neck. most points in the sub- | The Sunday-school children of Richmond's war days themselves

CONTRIBUTED THEIR MITES Fredericksburg at 6 to purchase this lot, to which they followed the

p. m., affording a rest | remains of their President's baby boy. The litand a delightful ride | the boy sleeps there yet, the spot having became in the evening, passing through the well-known a shrine of those who were Sunday-school chilcavalry fields of Hanover, Guinness Station, dren while we were all soldiers endeavoring to

Close by this is the tomb of ex-President pitable Exchange Hotel, which is now kept by | Monroe, over which a beautiful piece of ironwork has been erected. I am unable to defor the benefit of tourists to the historic fields scribe the style of architecture, but it is of a school that I have never seen in a cemetery be-It has been my privilege, however, to linger fore. In striking contrast with this is the It will be remembered that it was his request that no stone or mark be placed at his grave. tenderly cared for by his descendants. On a knoll is a massive but plain slab to the memory Winter of 1862-3, when all the chivalry were of Ex-Gov. Henry A. Wise and his family. Licut.-Gen. A. P. Hill, who was killed just fou days before the surrender, is resting in a pretty spot; no stone has yet been erected to his grave. The only mark to designate the lot is the simple words "A. P. Hill," cut into the stone steps

that lead into the lot. One of the pretty features of Hollywood, as distinguished from all other cemeteries that I have ever visited, is that it is of a broken ground, beautifully diversified by hills and little val-The best informed of both parties admit that | leys, through which pretty streams or brooks

the riverside, rest an army of Confederates marks the last resting-place of thousands whose It would astonish the old soldiers to see how | memories are as dear to Southern mothers'

hearse passed, escorted by Knights of Pythias. Whole chapters might be written about the | The guard of honor consisted of the BLUE AND GRAY. On one side walked men in the uniform of the G.A.R., while on the other those of the Confed-

in my place in that beautiful grove on a May

Sunday in Richmond in 1888 and have your

heartstrings touched till your very frame vibrates under the influence of the music, at such a time and under such a scene. They tell me that this is of frequent occurrence for Gray and Blue to conduct funerals in Richmond. A large pyramid, 20 feet square at the base and about 80 feet in hight, built of Virginia blocks of granite, is the simple but beautiful monument erected to the Confederate dead, Twining and clinging lovingly and closely all over this pile of stone is the beautiful Virginia creeper, sweetly appropriate and pretty; its luxuriant and graceful foliage, supplemented by the handsomely-colored flower, presents an effect that has yet to be equaled by the most skillful architect in stone. Right by this, and in the same grave with those of his command who died on the field and were brought home from Gettysburg, rests the body of Gen. George

to erect a fine monument on the location he selected. Under the management of Gen. Edgar Allen and his few G.A.R. comrades of Phil Kearny Post, an unusual occasion is anticipated for Memorial Day, when a number of Northern visitors are expected to be present. Col. Theodore W. Bean, of Norristown, Pa., is the orator of the day. But we shall have to tear ourselves away from Richmond, as so much of Fredericksburg.

spot is, perhaps, not as desirable as would have

been selected for his grave. It is the purpose

What an Expert Thinks.

[Norristown Herald.] A lady, writing on kissing, says that a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect. She doesn't say so, but a kiss on the back of the neck is a proof that the young woman didn't hold still.



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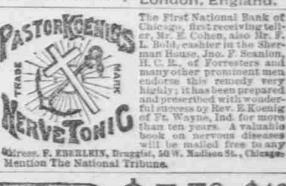
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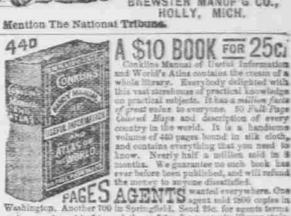
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The book, which is bound in paper, has heretofore sold at 75 cents; but THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has secured a small lot, which it will furnish to its subscribers in any part of the country, postage paid, for 50 cents; or we will send a free copy to whoever sends us in a Club of five.

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